

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE T. D. C. C. AT THE BIJOU WEDNESDAY

WINNERS OF PAINT BOOKS IN 23D WEEK'S CONTEST

EMILY MINNIGERODE, No. 913 Eleventh Street, Lynchburg, Va.
THOMAS WOODY, No. 604 North Twenty-seventh Street, City.
JANIE WALKER, No. 1114 Decatur Street, Manchester, Va.

WINNERS IN DRAWING CONTEST.
NANNIE R. COOKE, Buckner's, Va.
HAROLD DRAPER, No. 412 East Leigh Street, City.

WINNER IN PUZZLE CONTEST.
CONSTANCE FENTON, Lightfoot, Va.

THE T. D. C. C. MEMBERS TO MEET AT THE BIJOU ON WEDNESDAY

The T. D. C. C. editor feels moved to congratulate the Club because with all the distractions and merry-making of Christmas, they have found time to write as pretty letters, to draw as pretty pictures and to compose as clever stories as at any other time. And that is greatly to the Club's praise.

Next Wednesday, December 30th, will witness the Club's first reunion, at the Bijou Theatre, which will be open for matinee only to the members of the T. D. C. C., and a few grown-ups who have been asked to meet them. A delightful programme has been arranged, including the best things in the weekly theatrical list, with special features and cordial words of welcome and encouragement from some distinguished gentlemen who will be present.

As admission will be only by badges, these should be worn conspicuously. Badges will be sent to all active applicants whose letters were sent in up to Saturday, December 26th.

PARTICIPANTS IN THE MOTHER GOOSE CONTEST.

Allen, M. S.	Gray, Fannie	Larkin, W. H.	Tyree, E. M.
Barrow, Alfred	Graves, Elmer	Moffat, Marion	Tatum, D.
Branch, May	Griffin, M. H.	Michie, M. E.	Trant, Clara
Britton, Wesley	Gregory, A. A.	Miningerode, Emily	Tyree, E. M.
Buchanan, C. J.	Hawley, M.	Newman, L. B.	Taylor, V.
Beard, Dock, Jr.	Hughes, W.	North, J. S.	Wells, H. D.
Bell, Margaret	Hudson, L.	Powell, P.	Walker, Janie
Culbert, Thurston	Hudson, M. L.	Reed, E.	Woody, Thos.
Chesterman, W.	Hughes, S.	Reed, E.	Wagoner, B.
Clarke, R. H.	Hughes, S.	Reed, E.	Ware, Myrtle
Donaldson, S. J.	Harrison, K. T.	Reed, E.	Williams, Bessie
Davis, Geo.	Jackson, Ethel	Reed, E.	Witt, Ethel
Diggs, Jack	Joyce, L. B.	Reed, E.	Wright, C. R.
Ellam, Myrtle	Joseph, C. B.	Reed, E.	Wood, C. B.
Fox, Chas.	Burke, Joseph	Reed, E.	Wilkinson, Ella
Green, W. A.	Johnson, J. L.	Reed, E.	Zimmermann, W. J.
Grady, C. G.	Lotsey, W.	Reed, E.	

CONTRIBUTORS AND APPLICANTS.

Abbott, L.	Donahoe, E.	Robertson, C. N.
Anderson, J. B.	Day, Louisa	Robertson, P. A.
Armstrong, W.	Edwards, Willie	Roeckel, G.
Arrest, George	Epes, L. B.	Reid, Garnett
Armstrong, W.	Epes, I. H.	Revel, Robert
Allen, R. W. Jr.	Epes, J. P.	Robertson, Hymie
Baker, J. L.	Epes, F. C.	Reid, G. Z.
Bailey, J. V.	Fenton, Constance	Reed, E.
Bell, Edith	Fox, W. C.	Reed, E.
Bayliss, H. G.	Fellows, H. H.	Reed, E.
Bayliss, Edith	Gregory, B.	Reed, E.
Bluetheg, F.	Gregory, R.	Reed, E.
Britton, W.	Gantt, W. A. H.	Reed, E.
Brown, H. S.	Gantt, Henry P.	Reed, E.
Brooks, J. B.	Gray, Fannie	Reed, E.
Bruce, G. A.	Garber, Ruth	Reed, E.
Bruce, Payson	Gregory, C. G.	Reed, E.
Bucher, M. J.	Gregory, H.	Reed, E.
Burton, N. L.	Gregory, H.	Reed, E.
Coplen, Michael	Guggenheimer, C.	Reed, E.
Culbert, Thurston	Gray, C. H.	Reed, E.
Crowder, Lee	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Crowder, Herbert	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Coulbourn, W. C.	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Cole, Blanche	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Cassel, A. M.	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Cooke, N. R.	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Covles Harold	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Dearhart, Clifton	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Diggs, Jack	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Davenport, G. D.	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Davenport, Chas.	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.
Draper, Harold	Hughes, B.	Reed, E.

The Newer Woman.

For some time past we have been hearing so much of the "coming woman," and seeing so comparatively little of her that the latest news of the lady's movements will be a surprise, as well as a relief to many. It seems that not only has she actually come, but she is already going.

The "new woman" is no longer in the remotest files of time. As the latest product of the century the mistress of all the ages she has been superseded.

The "newer woman" has arrived, and she is forming herself into "newer woman club." We hear of three such organizations in New York, and several in other cities. To the uninitiated, the name may, perhaps, suggest dark visions of bifurcated garments, cigarettes and political discussions. As a matter of fact, the newer woman cares for none of these things. She represents a fortunate selection from an ephemeral craze, which after all existed more in print and in talk than in actuality.

She is neither advanced, nor emancipated, and she is sane. It is a matter of fact, the newer woman cares for none of these things. She represents a fortunate selection from an ephemeral craze, which after all existed more in print and in talk than in actuality.

All hail to the newer woman!

LELIA BATTE EPES.

Sunset.

A radiant mass of red and golden.
A pupils mist piled rough and migh,
Streaked across with heads of silver,
Bound by banks of azure sky.
The river ever soft reflected
All this beauty on its breast;
The gleaming tints o'en danced and sparkled,
O'er the mountains purple crest.

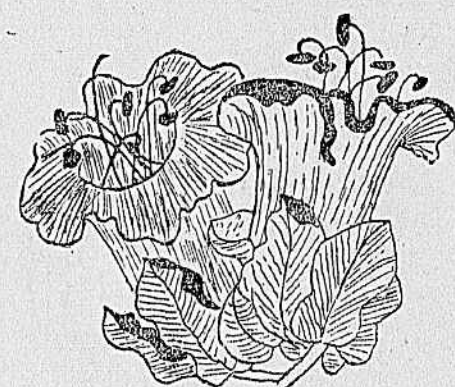
But soon the sun with dazzling splendor,
Plunged behind the radiant west,
Where all the birds sang farewell matins,
To the one they loved the best,
Hus the glorious sunset died;
Softly faded the colors bright,
And the earth once more is sleeping
In the thrall of twilight.

EDITH BAYLISS.

The Lost Bird.

One day last summer mother and my two little brothers were sitting on the front porch. A little young sparrow fell from a tree to the ground. The boys wanted to catch it, but mother told them not to. They caught it and put it in a something high—a fence or railing—where the mother bird could find it and take it to its nest. In trying to catch it

it disappeared under the porch, and we, of course, did not expect to see it any more; but later in the evening our attention was attracted by the fluttering of something on the baby carriage, which stood in the yard. When we went to see what it was there sat the poor little frightened bird, perched upon the axle of the carriage. Papa took it up and placed it under the roof of the coal-house in the back yard. It hadn't been there more than two or three minutes when the mother bird came and tried to teach it to fly. She would fly from the roof to a branch of a tree near by, and back again, chirping all the while. Each time she did this the baby bird would try to do the same. At last it flew too far and fell to the ground. It was then caught by a black cat who had been regularly watching the scene.



By NANNIE R. COOKE, Buckner's, Va.
(Prize Drawing.)

It disappeared under the porch, and we, of course, did not expect to see it any more; but later in the evening our attention was attracted by the fluttering of something on the baby carriage, which stood in the yard. When we went to see what it was there sat the poor little frightened bird, perched upon the axle of the carriage. Papa took it up and placed it under the roof of the coal-house in the back yard. It hadn't been there more than two or three minutes when the mother bird came and tried to teach it to fly. She would fly from the roof to a branch of a tree near by, and back again, chirping all the while. Each time she did this the baby bird would try to do the same. At last it flew too far and fell to the ground. It was then caught by a black cat who had been regularly watching the scene.

THOMAS WOODY.

RIDDLES.

1. What is this? A bridge no boy can cross.
2. Who are the men that are all supposed to be entertaining?
A DROP LETTER PUZZLE.
1. T - B - - . A wonderful mountain.



By Arthur Sibold, Eggleston, Va.



By HAROLD DRAPER.
(Prize Drawing.)



By HAROLD COWLEY
Rochester, N. Y.



RABBITS FEEDING.
By John Baber, Pocomoke, Va.

Three of Our Prize Winners



WARREN HUGHES.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.
By Louise Kennedy.



MARY ELLIS TUCKER.

PUZZLES AND ANSWERS.

1. Acrostic signed Pearl Johnson. Ans. Turkey.
2. Acrostic, signed John Wilbur Watson. Ans. Thomas Jefferson.
3. Hidden Clues, signed John W. Watson. Ans. Rio Janeiro, San Francisco, Denver, Seattle, Charleston, Atlanta, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, Quito, Caracas, Montreal, Montreux.
4. Drop-Letter Puzzles, signed Marion Stuart Dimmock. Ans. Brazil, Pacific, Mediterranean, Amazon, Thames, Savannah, Halifax, Niagara, Tennessee, Madrid.
5. Puzzle No. 1, signed James Satterwhite. Ans. Chicken. Puzzle No. 2, by same. Ans. Letter M.
6. Acrostic, signed Cave Maddox. Ans. Constantinople. Conundrums, by same. Ans. No relation at all. Because it cannot go any other way. One corrects and the other directs. Because it is in the swim.
7. Acrostic signed, Halle M. Jordan. Ans. Bed.
8. Charade, No. 1, signed Lillian T. Hubbard. Ans. Put-ridge. Charade No. 2, by same. Ans. Night-in-gale. Diamond, by same. Ans. C-Rid-Raves-Civilized-Delay-Sly-Y. An acrostic—Words of 5 letters across by same. Ans. Bedlin. Ultra, Cares, Knout.

PUZZLES.

My first is in cane,
But not in rain,
My second is in head,
But not in bed,
My third is in train,
Also in rein;
My fourth is in ice,
Also in mice,
My fifth is in snow,
But not in row,
My sixth is in late,
Also in fate,
My seventh is in mow,
But not in slow,
My eighth is in farm,
Also in alarm,
My ninth is in sand,
My whole is the name of a well known celebration.

W. C. COULBOURN.

(A) 1. Change the first letter of a visible sign of weariness and the following transformations will appear:
2. The break of day.

CONUNDRUM.

I consist of twenty-nine letters. My 0, 7, 8, 3, 22, 4 is a barren waste.



THE MAN WITH THE HOE.
By Grace W. Graves, No. 607 South Pine Street.

ACROSTIC.

My first is in cap, but not in ran.
My second is in once, but not in dunce.
My third is in nap, but not in-mall.
My fourth is in well, but not in Nail.
My fifth is in stall, but not in hall.
My sixth is in mark, but not in box.
My seventh is in Nail, but not in well.
My eighth is in tail, but not in hall.
My ninth is in inch, but not in lynch.
My tenth is in night, but not in sight.
My eleventh is in people, but not in stoop.

My twelfth is in pear, but not in air.
My thirteenth is in lay, but not in say.
My fourteenth is in earl, but not in curl.
My whole is in the capital of an Eastern country.

EMILY HALL.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 1.

(Words of five letters.)
1. The name of a magazine.
2. Is a Scripture, proper name.
3. Is found in an artist's studio.
4. A right.
5. An Irish patriot.
6. A female's name.
7. Is to travel over.
8. Is land.
9. The initials spell what we want and the final spells when we want them.
PAYSON BRUCE.

CONUNDRUM.

1. What age do we all dread?
2. What was the age of Esau?
3. What age is common to all?
4. What age do kings most enjoy?
5. What is the best age for a horse?
6. What is the best age for a soldier?
7. What is the most deceptive age?
8. Why was the government a long time in getting news from San Diego?
9. What was the difference between our navy and its Secretary in the war?
10. Name an English author who was turned out the first time he ever went to school?
11. Which are a florist's most conspicuous features?
12. Why is a man's nose never longer than eleven inches?

CONSTANCE FENTON.

The Christmas Rose.

A pretty legend about the Christmas rose is this: Joseph of Arimathea, when he came to Britain and being weary struck his staff in the ground. It was Christmas Eve.
The staff budded and the next day the first Christmas roses burst into bloom.

Dorothy and Fido.

Henrico county, Va.
December 15, 1903.
Fido was the name of a dog that lived on the farm where Baby Dorothy was spending the summer with Aunt Gertie. Fido and Dorothy were great playmates. Dorothy was so gentle and seemed to know that Dorothy was only a little bit of a girl and could not run like the older girls and boys; so she and Fido would roll over and over on the grass and play together in the woods.

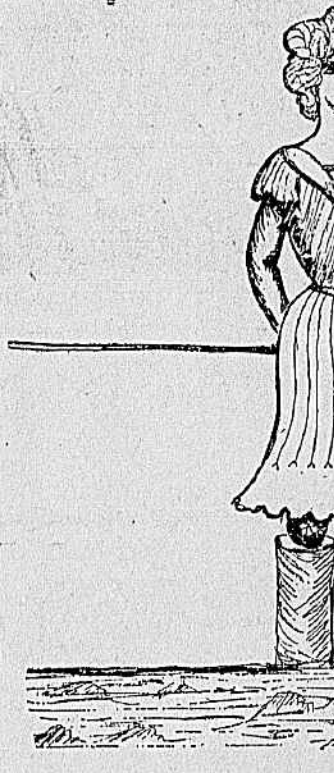
One morning when Baby went out to have her usual romp with Fido she found three little puppies running around and having a glorious time chasing one another across the grass. She hurried back to the house and told Aunt Gertie what she had discovered, and asked for a biscuit for the puppies; but one little fellow only smiled at the biscuit and would not eat it. Aunt Gertie explained that the puppies were too young to eat biscuits, so Dorothy gave them biscuit to Fido, who finished it in short order.

EDITH M. TYREE.

This is copied and the best I could do.

Christmas Eve.

It was Christmas Eve when the children gathered around the fire were singing and laughing merrily about old Santa Claus, who would soon be there with his pack filled with everything good for boys and girls.
It was snowing out of doors and had been for a day. In a few minutes grandma entered with her head full of stories, and all the children cried, "Tell us a story, grandma! Tell us a story!"
"All right," said grandma, "What shall it be?"
"Santa Claus," all cried.
"Well, as Christmas is nearly here, I



By MARIE ANDERSON.

will tell you about Santa Claus."

She told the maids Santa, his pack, and what it held. They all had a jolly time, and as Santa Claus came early, they then went to bed.

PEARL JOHNSON.

Richmond, Va.

My Cat.

My cat's name is Fido. She is gray. I feed her the scraps from the table. She catches mice. When she catches them she slips upon them as slowly as she can. Before she kills it she plays with it. She likes to lie on the sofa pillow best of all. When she is happy she purrs. Mamma made her a little cloak, but she would not have it.

ANNIE A. CASSEL.

SOME BRIGHT LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Editor T. D. C. C.:
Dear Sir,—I enclose you will find a picture, which I hope you will put in your paper.
My father has been taking The Times-Dispatch for many years, but I hardly ever looked at it until the children's page came out, and now I look forward to every Sunday with interest.
I am eleven years old, and attend Springfield school.
I hope my picture will get me a badge. I wish you a merry Christmas and happy New Year.
HAMPDEN GRADY BAYLISS.

Dear T. D. C. C. Editor,—I wish you and all of the little T. D. C. C. members, who draw so well and write such nice stories, a merry Christmas and every Sunday write to ask for a badge. I hope my picture, to No. 517 North Ninth Street, Richmond, Va., where my dear old grandma lives. Will you please print my name as "contributor," as it has never been in yet. I will try to write a story for Christmas next week.
Your little friend,
HELEN S. BROWN.
Hilton Head, S. C.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I thank you very much for my prize, received to-day. I and my four little brothers and I have a tussle to get the children's page first. My youngest brother wants to join the T. D. C. C., and as he cannot write to ask for a badge, I will ask you to send him one, and he sends you his drawing of Mother Hubbard. He did it all by himself, and as he is only five, it is right good for him. His name is John Bruce. Please send him a badge to No. 408 1/2 North Eighth Street.
Yours truly,
GEORGE A. BRUCE.

Editor of the Times-Dispatch:
I enclose a little drawing, which I hope will not be cast in the waste basket. This is my first attempt for the prize. I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C., and will be delighted to receive a badge whenever you can conveniently send me one. We are all looking forward to Christmas and hoping to have a good time. I am twelve years old, but I hope Santa Claus will not forget me, and my four little brothers and I have a sister Nellie. She is the only sister I have. She is eighteen months old. I wish if Santa Claus could see her, she would bring her lots of things. She is so sweet and cute; she is the pet of our house. We are all very happy and prosperous New Year. I remain
Most sincerely,
MARY J. BUCHER.
No. 720 Brook Avenue.

Dear Editor,—I received the book which you sent me for a prize to-day and was very much pleased.
I send a picture, which I hope you will publish.
Yours truly,
HAROLD COWLES.
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Editor,—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C., and here is a story, which I have written. I hope this is good enough to publish.
Please send me a badge.
Yours truly,
LELIA BATTE EPES.
Blackstone, Va.

Dear Editor,—I want to become a member of the T. D. C. C., and there is a puzzle. I hope it will be good enough to publish.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have heard of the T. D. C. C., and would like very much to be a member. I am twelve years old. Please send me a badge and tell me if I will have to write a story or puzzle every week. I will include you a story and a puzzle. I hope you will like them. Publish them if they are fit. I am glad to look for them. My address
LILLIAN MURRAY.
Graham, Alamance county, N. C.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the children's letters in The Times-Dispatch, so I thought I would write you one. Please send me a badge. I have a story that my papa gave me. I must try and improve. So I can get one next time.
My brother and I each send you a story and a puzzle. I hope Santa Claus will come to see you Christmas.
Yours truly,
HENRY P. GANTT.

Editor of the Mother Goose paint book that you sent me for the prize drawing. I have painted six pictures in my book. I send you a picture that I painted this week. I think you and I will think it very nice and pretty. As you ask me for my picture to put in the paper, I will send it to you soon. I reckon next week.
Your little friend,
MARION ST. CLAIRE ALLEN.

Editor of the Children's Page:
Dear Sir,—I have been wanting to join the T. D. C. C. for a long time, but have not had time to do so. I will send you a piece, which I have written. I will send it later on, as I have not quite finished it. The name is "Dears Helping Each Other." I will close now.
Yours truly,
ELISIE LEB BAILL.

Dear Editor,—I received the badge you sent a few days ago. I think it is very pretty. I thank you for it. I will send you a piece, which I have written. I will send it later on, as I have not quite finished it. The name is "Dears Helping Each Other." I will close now.
Yours truly,
HAYNIE L. ROBERTSON.
Blackstone, Va.

Dear Editor.—This is the first time I have painted for The Times-Dispatch, but I do so want a badge. I think there is a mistake in the picture. I certainly wish-a-tyo baby does not go with it, hoping to get my badge soon, I remain
Yours truly,
DOROTHEA TATUM.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, twelve years old, and wish to join the T. D. C. C. I enjoy reading